

September 1, 2023

Dear Tony,

I don't know why you find it so difficult to communicate with me and why you continually close the lines of communication instead of opening them.

What you did last week pissed me off more than anything you have ever done and it's not only that you won't help me do this, but that it took you almost three years to tell me despite my bringing it up - and quite frankly I was extremely patient in this.

If you had simply said to me a long time ago, "I can't do this, I don't have it in me to do this," I might have understood. But you seem to have no faith and no trust, and don't give me even an inch to understand.

Instead you send me a formal message as if I was a lawyer or something, and tell me I was supposed to surmise. Tony I would never ever attempt to or pretend to read your mind.

Tony, I have to let you know that you hurt me deeply not only in your making me do this alone, but even more so in the way you did it. So much so, that I was a hair away from completely cutting you off forever.

Do you think I'm so comfortable in doing this? That box has been sitting in my house for years. I know people that have done this, but I've never done it, and I am only trying to do what is right.

I took over the executorship to do you a favor. I didn't have to, nor did I necessarily want to but I did. And I handled it, and almost everything else in this matter and did the best I could. So when I ask you this one last favor, about something that I didn't want to have to do *alone*, nor with anyone who didn't know Dad, and receive such a cold calculated response, especially after trying my best for years to ask and not to pressure you, well that shook me to the foundations of my soul. And I guess it never occurred to you - or you even let it occur to you -- that it could've been a (yes) sad, but meaningful and unifying experience.

But, after thinking about it for several days and a couple of sleepless nights, I don't have it in me to cut you off. You're my brother, I love

you, and I've always loved you though you haven't made it necessarily easy.

Tony, I wish I knew why you find it necessary to keep all your emotions bottled up inside you, so that it seems like you're on the verge of exploding. And please don't even try to deny that you do this because it's obvious.

Tony, after almost 50 years, don't you know you can *talk* to me, if you'd only try. I'm your brother. What the fuck do you think I'm gonna do? Did it ever occur to you that I can be your friend? Did it ever occur to you that I could help you? Do you know how many times I've wanted to say to you, "Let's go have a drink, just you and me"? But you never give me the opening to get that far.

Tony, we have maybe 30 years (give or take a few) left, and as you well know I probably have a lot less. We are both old enough now to know how short a time that is. Do you want the years we have left to be a time of remote bullshit cordiality, or do you want it to be real?

Tony as furious as I am at you, and my disappointment that you won't do this is great, I am trying to reach out to you. I'll have that drink any time you want.